Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſimiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely; and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreetes, and no man regardes it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince. Where ſhall we take a Purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poines. Now ſhall we know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hall*. What ſayes Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſouldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Poines.